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And Chronicle.

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Original Poetry.

I SAW THEE GIVEN TO ANOTHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

I saw thee given to another—thou,
Upon whose soft dark eye so gently gleaming,
Whose fair fresh cheek, whose bright and lovely brow,
Was lavished all of Hope's young springtide dreaming:
The gems that clasped thy dark and waving hair
Shone bright as in those hours I bound them there,—
And flowers that trembled, while they flung their lures,
And shed their sweetest essences among
The darkling waves hung blooming 'mid their dews,
And bright as when, wreathing each leaf in song,
I twined them o'er those glowing lids of flame
That beaming burn, though not for me, the same.

I saw thee given to another—while
The bridal altar, in its rich array
Was wrapt in incense—through each glittering aisle,
The spirit tones of song, with gentle sway,
Were breathing softly sweet, as in those hours;
When lingering 'neath the spells of moonlit flowers,—
I broke the chain that hung around the lyre,
And broke the gentleness that hovered o'er
Even amid the slumberings of each wire,
And deeply forth Love's breathings wont to pour.
But hush, that dream!—another clasped that hand!
Another stood where I once hoped to stand!

I saw thee given to another—yes,
I marked that eye speak raptures unto his;—
That glowing cheek, in love's own loveliness,
More deeply glow reflecting all thy bliss,—
And from thy young heart's overflowing gushed,
Such soft, sweet tones as in wild throbbings hushed,
The bosom chords a passion-breath had swept,
When fell to earth the chalice Hope had filled,—
When blighted hung each wreath her bower had kept
Fresh 'till that hour, embalmed in dews, distilled
By her own sacred essence, bright as those
That lave each leaf of heaven ere its repose.

I saw thee given to another—then
I lingered o'er a leaflet's pale decay;
I summoned scattered breathings back again,—
And vainly wept a bright but wandering ray;—
And wooed back visions from the mighty past
Whose fleeting scenes the heart's wild hope outlast,
Even though they haunt but memory's silent stream;
I saw thee given to another—yes,
Then vanished, broken as a sick man's dream,
Each bliss ideal, when I saw thee press
Another's lip—the heaving bosom swell
Another's breathing sanctuary! farewell!

Original Tales.

IT'S ONLY A DOLLAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"It's only a dollar," said Mr. Jones, drawing the coin from his pocket, and throwing it down upon the counter before which he was standing.

"And cheap enough at that," remarked the florist, sliding the dollar into his drawer. "It's the richest variety I have ever seen."

"It certainly is very beautiful," Mr. Jones responded, as he lifted the flower and departed.

"Oh what a beautiful dahlia!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, as her husband came in with the flower. "Where did you get it?"

"I bought it from ——," was the reply.

"For how much?"

"Only a dollar."

"That was cheap."

"Yes, indeed. Cheap enough."

The flower, after receiving its meed of admiration, was placed among a collection of choice plants, and then tea being announced, the young couple, for they had only been married about six months, sat down to partake of their quiet evening repast.

Mr. Jones was a clerk in a banking institution in the city of ——, with a comfortable salary of twelve hundred dollars a year. He possessed the confidence of the other officers of the bank as well as of the board of directors, and was generally esteemed by all who knew him. But he had a too common defect of character—his desires were not only in advance of his income, but he too frequently thought of little beyond their gratification. True, these desires were not of a kind usually denominated extravagant. He did not think of buying a carriage, or even a fast trotting horse. Nor of filling his house with costly and elegant furniture. Such acts of imprudence were too palpably wrong in his perception to tempt him to the indulgence of them. His restless desires were like the "continual dropping" which wears away even the hardest substances. Small in their single demands, but important in the aggregate of their effects. The same disposition was manifested by his wife. Thus there was no check to the evil.

While they sat at the tea-table on the evening just alluded to, Mrs. Jones said—

"How I should like to go to the concert to-night."

"Would you, Julia?"

"Indeed I would, I am so fond of music."

"So am I. But can we afford to go?"

"Oh yes," Mrs. Jones said. "The tickets are only a dollar a piece!"

"True. And it would be strange if we could not afford a couple of dollars now and then! Well, suppose you get ready as soon as tea is over, and we will go."

"I shall be so delighted!" the young wife said, as she took the arm of her husband, on leaving their neat and comfortable dwelling to proceed to the concert room.

And she was delighted, for there was a rare combination of musical talent, and she had a taste that could appreciate the excellencies of the different performers, singly and combined.

On the next morning, as they sat at breakfast, Mr. Jones said—

"And so you were very much pleased last night, Julia?"

"Pleased is too tame a word, Henry. I was delighted! It was a rich performance throughout."

"So was I. It was a cheap gratification at two dollars."

"Don't speak of the money, Henry. Money should not be thought of in connection with it. What are two paltry dollars in comparison to such a feast of the soul! Can the most exquisite tones of music be estimated by the dollar's worth? No—No. I cannot bear to mention such a base and sordid idea."

"I must confess that I feel as you do, Julia," the husband replied; and then each sat silent for a few moments busy with newly arising thoughts.

"I saw a pair of most beautiful flower stands in ——'s window yesterday as I was passing his store," Mrs. Jones said, looking up into her husband's face. "Oh, they were really exquisite!"

"Did you ask the price of them?"

"No. But I wish, as you pass this morning, that you would step in and see what they will cost. I should like to have them very much."

"Certainly, and if the price is not too high I will purchase them for you."

"Oh I should be so delighted to have them!"

As Mr. Jones passed on his way to the banking house, he stepped into the china store to look at the flower stands. He knew them by a description which his wife had given him. They were gilt and painted china, and were really beautiful as she had said.

"What do you ask for them?" he enquired, after looking at them for a few moments.

"Only five dollars," was the reply.

"No, that is very true. It's only five dollars. Well, you might as well send them home, for my wife has set her heart on them."

And so saying Mr. Jones took out his pocket book and selected a five dollar note, which was paid over for the flower stands.

"How kind you are," his wife said, as he came in to dinner, "to buy me those beautiful flower stands! How rich, and at the same time how neat they are."

"They are indeed beautiful. When I saw them I could not resist the temptation."

"What did they cost?"

"Only five dollars."

"That was cheap."

"Cheap enough. They could not have been bought a year ago for less than ten dollars."

"I have been making some purchases also," Mrs. Jones said, after they had admired the flower stands for a few minutes.

"Ah, indeed! Well—what have you bought?"

"Some woman's finery of course. I have been out a shopping, and could not resist the temptation to buy several articles that I did not expect to purchase. See here—"

And Mrs. Jones referred to a small pile of dry goods that were lying on one of the pier tables.

"Is not that a beautiful piece of linen cambric? I did not just want it now, but it was a remnant, and the storekeeper asked only a dollar for it, and I shall want it. And then see this elegant little handkerchief. Ain't it a beauty? It was only a dollar."

"It is certainly very pretty."

"And I have bought you, besides," continued the happy wife, "three of the finest bandannas I have ever seen. Ain't they lovely?" displaying her purchases.

"They are, indeed, Julia. Though I am not exactly in want of them, for I have about a dozen or so now."

"Yes, but you will want them."

"So I will."

"And then they were so cheap. Only a dollar and a quarter apiece. Why I paid for those last ones of yours, a dollar and a half, and they were not near so good."

Several other articles were displayed; this costing only half a dollar, that only a dollar, and the other only two dollars—amounting in all to ten or twelve dollars. And yet there was not a single one of them that was really needed. But then they cost but little, and were cheap at the prices paid.

"Oh, Harry! That is kind of you," Mrs. Jones said, on the evening of the next day, as her husband presented her with an elegant gold mounted card case. "I just wanted one like this. It is handsomer a great deal, than Mrs. Perry's, and she thought hers a beauty."

"You think it very pretty, do you?"

"Oh, yes. How kind you are to think of me so often. How much did you pay for it?"

"Only five dollars."

"That was cheap. Mrs. Perry's cost, she told me, seven, and I would much rather have mine."

"Yes, I think it cheap enough."

"There is another thing that I want, dear, and I wish you would get it for me."

"What is that, Julia?"

"A gold pencil case. Will you buy me one?"

"Certainly."

Five dollars were spent on the next day for a gold pencil case. But it was only five dollars, and not of much consideration.

"I saw one of the most beautiful Camelias to-day that I ever laid my eyes on," Mrs. Jones said on the same evening after her husband had come home.

"Ah. Where did you see it?"

"In the florist's window, in —— street."

"Did you ask the price of it?"

"No. But I wish you would go to-morrow, and if they are not too extravagant, buy it for me."

"Certainly. We shall soon have a rare collection."

"That we will. And I am so fond of flowers."

On the next day, Mr. Jones called to see about the Camelias.

"What is the price?" he asked.

"Three dollars."

"Isn't that high?"

"Oh, no. They bring four and five sometimes. Indeed, I ought to have four dollars for this one."

Mr. Jones paused for a moment or two, and then said mentally,

"It's beautiful; and it's only three dollars—that can't break me."

"You may send it home, Mr. ——," speaking aloud.

"Very well, Mr. Jones; it shall be sent home immediately."

The three dollars were paid, and Mr. Jones proceeded to the bank.

The aggregate of their expenditures for articles not really needed, on that and the four preceding days, was thirty-six dollars! Is it any wonder, then, that under such a system, they found themselves at the end of the first year of their marriage, over three hundred dollars in debt? The only wonder is that they were not still farther involved. And they would have been, had not Mr. Jones possessed about two hundred dollars above what was necessary to furnish their house, when they were married.

"Really," said Mr. Jones, when he became fully convinced of the fact that he owed the sum above indicated, "I cannot understand this."

"There must be some mistake, certainly," his wife replied.

"So it would seem. But I cannot discover where it lies. Our income is twelve hundred dollars a-year, and I had two hundred dollars over when we were married. Surely, we cannot have spent seventeen hundred dollars in twelve months."

"Impossible!" responded Mrs. Jones.

"It does seem impossible, Julia. But where is it gone?—for it certainly is gone somewhere."

"I am sure *I* cannot tell. We have not lived extravagantly, that is certain. Our rent is only two hundred dollars. We keep but one servant. It is all a mystery to me."

"And one just as profound to me," replied Mr. Jones.

"Is there no way by which we can reduce our expenses?" Mr. Jones remarked after a silence of some minutes, which was to both a troubled silence—"If there is, I for one, wish to adopt it; for, of all things, I have a horror of being in debt."

"Really, Julia, I don't see where this reduction is going to take place. We pay less for our house than is paid by two clerks in banks, that I know, who get but one thousand dollars a-year. We keep but one servant, and they keep two, and each has, besides, three children to provide for, and we have none."

In vain did Mr. and Mrs. Jones search for the cause of this strange condition of things. But an event occurred that relieved their minds from the trouble that disturbed them. One of the tellers died, and Mr. Jones was advanced to his place, and his salary increased to fifteen hundred dollars.

"I have good news to tell you, Julia," he said, with a brighter countenance than he had worn for several weeks.

"Indeed! What is it?"

"I have been promoted to the place held by Mr. Spencer."

"Oh, I am glad of that! And your salary—"

"Is fifteen hundred dollars."

"How providential this increase is!" the wife said. "I have been so troubled about our being in debt, but now we will soon find all straight again."

"Yes. All will be well now."

But not having discovered the true cause of embarrassment, [illegible]

On the evening of the day after, while walking out with his wife, Mr. Jones stepped into a jeweller's [illegible] attracted by the elegant and tasteful articles [illegible]

"Ah, Mr. Jones! how do you do? Good evening, Mrs. Jones! Pleasant evening, ma'am! Really, Mr. Jones, I must congratulate you! I see that you have been appointed to fill Mr. Spencer's place."

Thus ran on the jeweller, thinking mean time of his goods, and wondering if he should make a sale to the new bank teller.

"You have some fine goods here, Mr. Darling." And Mr. Jones took a survey of the cases and shelves, all arrayed in jewels and plate, and articles of rich and costly workmanship.

"Yes, we have some very beautiful goods."

"Have you any of the new style of cameos?" Mrs. Jones asked.

"Oh yes, ma'am. We received some to-day that really surpass any thing I have before seen."

And as Mr. Darling said this, he took from his case, one after the other, some half dozen cameos of the latest style, and laid them before the delighted eyes of Mrs. Jones.

"They are very beautiful indeed! What is the price of this one?"

"Ten dollars, ma'am."

"I really should like to have one," Mrs. Jones said.

"Well, suppose you suit yourself," was the prompt response of the husband.

"The price is only ten dollars," remarked the jeweller, in a tone half expressing contempt at the idea of so small a sum.

"Select, Julia, if you can please yourself."

Mrs. Jones did not require a second invitation. The breast pin was chosen, and ten dollars transferred from the pocket-book of her husband to the drawer of Mr. Darling.

"Don't you want something in this line?" the jeweller now said—presenting a very pretty ladies' watch.

"Isn't that a dear little watch!" ejaculated Mrs. Jones, her eyes sparkling with delight, as she took the article named in her hand, and examined it carefully. "I must really have one, Henry, as soon as you can afford it."

"Oh, he can afford it well enough," replied Mr Darling, with a winning smile.

"I am not so certain," the husband said musingly. "How much do you ask for it?"

"Only a hundred dollars."

"I cannot spare a hundred dollars now."

"Oh, never mind that. If you want the watch, I shall not ask for the money for the next five or six months."

"Then you must buy it for me, Henry."

"Well, if I must, I suppose I must."

"Of course you will want a handsome gold chain and swivel," the jeweller now said.

"Why, yes. I suppose I ought to have a chain," was the reply of Mrs. Jones, taking in her hand a fine piece of gold chain which Mr. Darling had already produced.

"This is very fine," she remarked on examining it.

"Yes, it is an elegant piece of chain."

"How much will one cost?"

"Only forty dollars. I can add that to the bill. The money is of no consequence to me now."

Of course the gold chain accompanied the watch. Before the young couple left the store of Mr. Darling, their bill was over two hundred dollars. A pair of fruit baskets, with several other articles were added to their purchases, and then they returned home, quite delighted with themselves and all the world.

On the next day three bills were presented to Mr Jones, amounting, in all, to two hundred dollars, and the payment asked as an especial favor.

"You shall have the amount of your bill in three or four days," was the reply to each, without their being in his mind any distinct idea as to the manner in which payment was to be made. Three or four days rolled around very quickly, and the creditors came with the usual promptness of such individuals, and again asked for their money. The amounts were promptly paid. Having now charge of the money drawer, it was the easiest thing in the world—so it occurred to him, after considering the difficulty in which he was placed—to use two hundred dollars, and put in its place a ticket with the words, "*Due, cash, $200*," to be withdrawn, and the money replaced when his quarter's salary should fall due. This operation once begun, it came very natural to continue it to meet other demands for money.

The periodical time for counting the cash by the proper officers came on the very day that Jones' quarter's salary fell due. He owed the drawer three hundred and seventy-three dollars; or, within two dollars of the amount due him for the previous quarter. The ticket was taken from the drawer and the money restored. All came out right when the cash was counted, and then another quarter was commenced. But sundry unnecessary purchases, on the—"It's only a dollar" principle, made during the previous three months, added to the ordinary household expenses, had caused a number of little bills to accumulate, to pay which a resort was again made to the money drawer. Another three months rolled quickly around, and the cash was again to be counted. On referring to his memorandum of money used, he found that it bore this disturbing evidence—"*Due, cash, $500*." There would be a deficiency of more than one hundred dollars, after the amount of his salary had been replaced in the drawer—and should this appear, on counting the cash, the consequence would be the inevitable loss of his situation; besides, the disgrace that would attach to his character.

Henry Jones slept but little during the night previous to the day on which the cash was be counted. He was in a dangerous position, and he felt it most sensibly. There was but one way to save himself that he could think of, and that was to borrow one hundred and twenty-five dollars with which to make the cash balance, and return it again after the counting process should have been gone through. But he felt a great reluctance to ask any one to lend him money. He was not in business, and received a salary all-sufficient to support his family. There was, therefore, no good reason why he should want to borrow money, and he felt that for him to ask the favor would be a ground of suspicion against him that all was not fair. Still, no other plan suggested itself except one immediately dismissed from his mind—which was to pledge his wife's gold watch and his own for a few days. Julia knew nothing of his difficulty and he shrunk from the thought of making her acquainted with it.

On the next morning, after breakfast, Jones called upon a friend in business, and said—

"Martin, I want a hundred and twenty-five dollars until to-morrow. I have a bill to pay, and my quarter's salary is not due until then,—and the person whom I owe has a note to pay and wants the money badly. Can you do me the favor I need?"

"Certainly—certainly"—responded Mr. Martin, turning to his desk and filling up a check for the desired amount.

Jones felt as if a mountain had been removed from his shoulder, as he left his friend's store with the check in his hand. The falsehood he had uttered so deliberately did not cost him a thought. The regular periodical business of counting the cash took place, and all was found to be right.

On the next day, a small slip of paper was laid in his drawer, bearing the memorandum—"*Due, cash, $500*." With this sum he paid his jeweller's bill, which had accumulated during the six months to the round sum of three hundred dollars. One hundred and twenty-five were paid to Mr. Martin, which left him but seventy-five dollars out of the five hundred. This was, of course, soon frittered away.

"You look a little pale, Mr. Jones," said a horse-dealer to him one day, about a month after this [illegible] "I am afraid you are confining yourself too [illegible]

[illegible] you men who are so closely confined in banks and stores."

"I have no doubt but that I should feel greatly the benefit of riding for an hour or two each day."

"That you would, Mr Jones! It would make you feel like a new man; and would certainly add ten years to your life."

"I believe I must try it at least," Mr. Jones said musingly. "I feel that I need healthful exercise in the open air very much."

"I have a very spirited animal, that I think would just suit you," remarked the horse dealer. "Suppose you come round in the morning and give him a trial. I am sure you will be delighted with him."

"Perhaps I will," Mr. Jones said.

In the morning, before breakfast, sure enough, he was at the stables of the horse-dealer, and was soon mounted upon a really noble animal. He was so delighted with his ride, and so pleased with the horse, that a desire to possess him at once sprung up in his mind.

"What do you ask for this horse?" he said on dismounting at the stables.

"Only a hundred and fifty dollars."

"He is certainly worth that sum."

"That he is. Why it's almost giving him away."

"If I feel able, I should really be tempted to buy him."

"Able! I know fifty men, who, if they were as able as you, would each own his horse before night. There is Gardner, whose salary is only one thousand dollars a year. He keeps a horse, and a beautiful creature it is, too. Don't talk about being able, Mr Jones! And then just think what a benefit it would be to your health."

The tempter prevailed, and the weak young man resorted to the bank funds again. His memorandum was changed from "five hundred dollars due cash"—to six hundred and fifty dollars.

"I have bought me a horse, Julia," he said, after he had completed the purchase.

"Have you! Well, do you know what must come next?"

"No."

"Well I can tell you then."

"Speak out."

"You will have to buy me a horse too. I have no idea of your riding out alone every morning, and, perhaps, every evening."

"I am sure I should like your company very much, Julia. I didn't know that you were fond of riding."

"But I am—passionately fond of it."

Seventy five dollars were paid for a horse for Mrs. Jones. And now, every morning, and almost every evening, this thoughtless and imprudent couple might be seen dashing out into the country on their own horses.

But time passed steadily onward, and soon brought around the next examination day. As it drew near, Mr. Jones began to feel a nervous dread of its approach, for the ticket in the drawer bore the ominous words—"*Due drawer, $1000*."

It now became necessary to enter upon some regular system of borrowing, and to have it so arranged as to prevent the possibility of a failure.

"Will you have two hundred dollars to spare day after to-morrow?" he asked of his friend Martin."

"Yes, and double the amount, if you want it."

"Thank you. But I don't care about more than two hundred. And you can have it again in a day or two."

Two other friends were called upon, in like manner, and from each, a like amount was promised: all of which he received in due time, and placed among the funds of the bank, to make his account good.

But it is needless to trace the course of Henry Jones step by step. For full five years he continued this system, unsuspected by any one. At the end of this time, the memorandum, which, to prevent accident, was carried in his pocket-book read thus, "*Due cash, $5650*." And yet, during all this time, the cash of the institution was regularly counted every three months; and on each occasion, the deficiency was borrowed from at least twenty different persons, not one of whom harbored the least suspicion of the affable, and seemingly light-hearted teller.

But Henry Jones was far from being happy. He felt that the sword hung over his head, suspended by a single hair, and liable to fall by the agitation of a breath. Yet, so strange was the infatuation into which he had suffered himself to fall, that, instead of endeavoring to come back, and live below his income, he was increasing his expenses every year. From the "It's only a dollar," principle of action—both he and his wife, now the mother of two sweet babes, had risen into the, "It's only a hundred dollars," principle, and were speeding onward to their ruin with daily increasing velocity. But nothing of the true condition of affairs did Mrs. Jones know. She vainly imagined, that fifteen hundred dollars a year was sufficient to supply all the extravagances, for persons of their station in life, into which they entered so thoughtlessly. Among other acts of folly, they had given up the neat and comfortable dwelling at two hundred dollars a year, and now occupied an elegant house, at five hundred dollars,—attached to which, was a small hot-house, filled with a most choice collection of plants, many of which were rare and costly exotics. They also had a carriage, of their own and a boy, of course to attend to the horses.

But, with all these appendages of happiness as was before said, Mr. Jones was far from being happy. How could he be? He was in the charmed circle of the serpent's eye, and possessed no internal power of breaking the spell, and rushing away from the threatened danger. But, still, over all the anxiety and fear within, he drew a veil, and assumed as far as possible, both at home and abroad, an exterior of apparent cheerfulness.

About this time began the commercial embarrassments that have been protracted for so many years. Money became scarcer and scarcer, and it was with the utmost difficulty that Mr. Jones could obtain the required sum, even for a single day, to make good his account.

"I must have four hundred dollars to-morrow," he said, on one of these periodical occasions, stepping into the store of a friend.

"Most gladly would I accommodate you, Mr. Jones—but, to-morrow I have two thousand dollars to pay, and I have not yet received the first dollar. How I am to get through, Heaven only knows."

There was that in the earnest, even anxious tone of the merchant, that left no room for Mr. Jones to urge his suit. He turned away from the store with a feeling of faintness.

"How much can you spare me to-morrow?" he asked of another business man, who had always, heretofore, accommodated him with the utmost cheerfulness.

"Not one dollar, Jones. And I am sorry for it. But I am in the tightest place that I have known for the last ten years. I have heavy payments to make to-morrow, and no resources."

"I am really sorry for it," Mr. Jones replied, and in spite of his effort to seem in some degree unconcerned about not receiving the money for which he had asked, the merchant could not help perceiving that his countenance fell, and assumed a very troubled aspect.

"So am I. But I must meet the difficulty like a man, and do my best to overcome it."

"Can you let me have a few hundred dollars to-morrow?" Mr. Jones next asked of a friend who had never hesitated to loan him any sum that he wanted.

"Indeed, Mr. Jones, I cannot. These are dreadful hard times. And I am sure that I cannot tell how [illegible]

"What must I do?" was a question most anxiously asked then answered. And it was asked over and over again with a vain looking for some glimmering of light in the distance. But all was darkness and uncertainty, with a distinct knowledge that destruction looked in his path.

The morrow at length came, after a night such as no honest, or even dishonest man could wish to pass—a night of wakefulness, and fearful forebodings. Sweetly by his side slept his unconscious wife, and his still happier and innocent children. How his heart ached for them as he thought of the disgrace that would attach to his name, if a discovery of his error were made or the change in all of his external circumstances that must be the inevitable consequence.

The hour for opening the bank at length came, and Mr. Jones was at his post with the same cheerful air and kind manner that had gained for him the respect and regard of both the officers and customers of the institution. And yet, with all this assumed exterior, there was a terrible feeling within, for there had occurred to his mind no device by which he could put off the evil day. Once the thought occurred to him to state openly and fully his case to the committee of examination, before the process of counting the cash should be entered upon. But this was instantly rejected with the mental ejaculation—

"It cannot; it must not be known!"

All through the day, while his hands were busy in receiving and paying out money, his mind was intent on devising some plan of relief from the dreadful dilemma into which he had fallen. Once a gleam of hope shot suddenly across his mind, but it quickly faded away, and left the darkness still more gloomy and intense. Like the darkness of Egypt—it could be felt. This hope came thus. A check for six thousand dollars was presented, and he paid out, in mistake, six hundred. The lad who offered the check, rolled up the money without counting it, and glided quickly from the bank. As the teller was dropping the check into one of the compartments of his money drawer, his eye detected the error. His recollection of paying but six hundred dollars was clear and distinct.

"Now I am saved!" was the sudden inward exclamation, while a thrill of joy ran through every nerve and fibre of his body.

"That would be wilful and premeditated dishonesty," a voice seemed to whisper in his ear.

"But I can make it good hereafter, in a way that need involve no disclosure. And the firm is rich and will not be put to inconvenience in consequence."

"Don't do it," urged the opposing, and better spirit within him.

"But I shall be ruined if I do not."

"And ruined, tenfold if you do," was the internal earnest objection.

"What shall I do!" the poor man uttered almost audibly. And then started lest his words had passed to the ear of some one standing by.

"Act smoothly as far as you can, and await the result of your culpable folly," said the inward whisper.

"You have made a mistake, sir," said the principle of the firm whose check of six thousand dollars had been paid with six hundred, coming up to the counter, while the struggle in the young man's mind was undecided. That was the trying moment, and the decision had to be made instantly. The struggle was, as it had of necessity to be, brief—

"I discovered the mistake, sir, as soon as your lad left," the teller replied with a smile, as he counted out the balance of the check.

"I am greatly obliged to you, sir," the merchant said, as he received the money. "Some tellers correct no mistakes."

"Right, is right," responded Mr. Jones mechanically, while his own voice sounded to his ear, hollow and despairing.

The merchant bowed and left the counter, and hope, that had glimmered for a moment with a lured light, faded away into darkness.

Steadily the hours rolled away, and at last the clock struck three, and the doors of the bank were closed. The committee were already in waiting to make their periodical examination. All that remained was for Mr. Jones to enter up his checks and notes, strike his balance and present his account. As he proceeded to do this, he seemed to be reeling about instead of standing still and had it not been for the mechanical habit that he had acquired, it would have been impossible for him to have proceeded with any degree of correctness.

He had not proceeded far in the labor before his eye rested upon the six thousand dollar check.

"This might have saved me," he murmured, pausing in his work.

"And it *shall* save me!" he added with inward vehemence. "It *shall* save me!"

His balance was at length struck, and the periodical counting took place. All appeared right, and the committee separated.

"Mr. Jones," said the cashier to the teller, after the president and the two directors, who had formed, with the cashier, the committee, had withdrawn. "There seems to be a little error here," laying his hand upon the entries of the day.

The heart of Mr. Jones gave a strong bound, and then its motion sank into low and tremulous pulsations, while his face grew instantly pale.

"Where, sir?" he asked, in a low tone, scarcely above a whisper.

"Here"—said the cashier, laying his finger first upon the charge of a check for $6000—and then upon a similar charge, in another part of the day's operations—"Melwyn and his check appears to be charged twice, for I only observed, in running my eye over the checks, but one drawn by them." And the cashier looked Jones steadily in the face. The eyes of the latter fell under the searching expression; and as they did so, his face grew deadly pale, for he well conscious that his defalcation would now come to light. A brief pause followed, when the cashier said in a tone, that had something of kindness in it—

"Come into my room, in a few minutes, Mr. Jones," and then, himself retired to the place he had indicated.

Thither he was soon followed by the teller.

"Sit down Mr. Jones," the cashier said.

And the teller sat down. But the very chair in which he seated himself seemed as if on fire.

"I am afraid, Mr. Jones, that all is not right"—the cashier began, "and I am exceedingly pained to find myself obliged to express such a thought."

Here was something of kindness and concern in the tones of the cashier's voice, and as the heart of the latter melted down, a gleam of hope seemed to glance before him.

"All is not right, sir!" he said, with one appealing glance, and covering his face with his hands, gave way to tears.

To this succeeded a full confession, by the teller, of his difficulties, and the nature and extent of his defalcation.

"But how is it possible, Mr. Jones, that you could become so embarrassed?" the cashier said.

"I can hardly answer that question to myself," the teller replied—"I have not gambled, nor bought lottery tickets. All has gone in the maintenance of my family."

"Then you must have lived very extravagantly, Mr. Jones, for with a larger family than yours, my expenses are not over twelve hundred dollars a year."

"I believe I have sir—and there, no doubt, is the secret of my embarrassment. I never intended to wrong the bank. But I was thoughtless and extravagant. But, do not expose me! I was not dishonest in my intentions—and will not abuse your [illegible]

[illegible] the teller clasped his hands, and looked up, imploringly, into the cashier's face.

The latter was moved. But his position involved duties that could not be sacrificed to feelings.

"How can I depend upon you, Mr. Jones?" he said, after a long silence. "Once you have deceived me—how can I trust you again? What security have I that you will not again be led astray?"

"Oh, sir, the reflections of this dreadful hour will be your security—this dreadful hour, in which I stand, trembling on the brink of infamy and utter ruin!"

"Go home, Mr. Jones"—the cashier said, after a silence of full five minutes, in which he strove in vain to decide his course of action. "Go home, and give me time to think. By to-morrow morning I will decide what it is right for me to do."

"Oh, sir, do not keep me so long in suspense! It will kill me!"

"I cannot decide before"—the cashier said gravely. "And now, go home, sir, and be prepared for the worst, for I cannot tell what will be the result of my deliberations."

We will not attempt to pourtray the feelings of Mr. Jones during the dreadful night that followed—nor those of his wife, to whom he told all as soon as he returned home.

On the next morning he went early to the bank, in a state of intense anxiety. The cashier met him as soon as he entered, and then the two retired to the cashier's private room. Poor Jones felt like a criminal on his way to the gallows, with one faint hope in his mind of a reprieve—a hope more truly painful than the certainty that there was no escape.

"It's done, Mr. Jones," the cashier said, solemnly, and Mr. Jones sat down.

A silence of many moments ensued. The cashier's brow was clouded, and it was evident that he was yet undetermined how to act. His duty as a public officer prompted one course, and humanity another. At last he said, in an earnest voice—

"Jones!—can I, *dare* I trust you?"

"Oh, sir, do not hesitate. This hour of intense, almost hopeless agony, is the guarantee for my future faithfulness. Trust me, sir, and I will be true to your confidence."

"But how will you make good the deficiency in your account?"

"I will require time, sir; but I believe I can do it. My true deficiency is $5,650. There was due yesterday, and yet undrawn, a quarter's salary. I have a carriage and a pair of horses, which will bring not less than seven hundred dollars—they cost a thousand. My wife's jewellery, and my own, including watches and gold chains, we estimated last night, at not less than six hundred dollars. We have been thoughtlessly extravagant in these matters. How we ever accumulated so much really worthless stuff, I can hardly tell. But we were always buying something. And then our plants and flowers, would certainly bring a hundred dollars. There are among them many that are very rare and beautiful. Besides these things, we have a great deal of costly furniture, and ornaments, which we will let go. In all, I feel sanguine that I can reduce the debt I owe the bank to three thousand dollars. I have told my wife all about my present dreadful condition, and she says—'Let all go'— She is willing to come down to the poorest condition, so that I may not be exposed and ruined. Six hundred dollars a year she is confident will be enough for us, and she proposes that we move into the suburbs of the city, where rent will be low, and the change in our appearance not be so much noticed. In four years, at the longest, I will be able to make all straight again."

For more than a minute the cashier mused in silence—then extending his hand he said—

"Mr. Jones I will trust you."

The teller burst into tears and sunk upon a chair.

"What a gulph of ruin I have escaped!" he said, at length rising, and again grasping the cashier's hand.

* * * * * *

It was on a calm summer evening, about four years after, that Mr. and Mrs. Jones sat near a window of their neat little dwelling, far in the suburbs of the large city of which they were residents. Everything around them was neat, plain, and comfortable.

"This day I am a free man!" Mr. Jones said, after a brief pause in their conversation. "I drew my quarter's salary this morning, and after paying off the balance of my debt to the bank, have just one hundred dollars left. How narrow an escape I have made! It makes me tremble whenever I think of it."

"Oh Henry"—and his wife leaned upon his arm and looked him tenderly in the face, while the moisture dimmed her eyes—"How glad am I to see this hour!—this hour, that I have scarcely dared hope for. We have had a hard lesson to learn, but I feel that it has been a salutary one. We shall again be happy."

"Yes, far happier than with our former views and feelings, we could even have been under circumstances the most prosperous. I could not have believed, once, in the possibility of our being contented, with everything around us so plain as we now have it. But I find that it is not so much the external circumstances that make happiness as the internal condition of the mind. If we look out of ourselves for happiness as sad experience has proved, we must only disappointment, and are in danger of becoming in circumstances that may sadden every moment of our after lives. Let us, then, never forget the past four years. They are full of lessons."

Nor were those troubled years ever forgotten. Their lessons of prudence and economy—their thought—exciting incidents—their seasons of sad reflection made an impression that never wore off. Mr. Jones occupied a high position of trust in the community, and none suspect that once his feet well nigh slipped, while he tottered on the brink of ruin and infamy.

From the Magazines

FROM BLACKWOOD, FOR NOVEMBER.

THE FOUR AGES OF THE WORLD.

TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER.

Bright purpling the glass, glows the blush of the wine—
Bright sparkle the eyes of each guest;
The Poet has enter'd the circle to join—
To the good brings the Poet the best.
Ev'n Olympus were mean, with its nectar and all,
If the lute's happy magic were mute in the hall.

Bestow'd by the gods on the poet has been
A soul that can mirror the world;
Where'er has been done on this earth he has seen,
And the future to him is unfurl'd.
He sits with the gods in their council sublime,
And views the dark seeds in the bosom of Time.

The tablets of this life, in the pomp of its hues,
He broadens all lustily forth,
And to him is the magic he takes from the Muse,
To deck, like a temple, the earth.
A hut, though the humblest that man ever knew,
He can charm to a heaven, and illume with a god!

As the god and the genius, whose birth was of Jove,
In one type all creation reveal;
When the ocean, the earth, and the star-realm above
Lay composed in the orb of a shield;
So the poet, a shape and a type of the All,
From a sound, that is mute to a moment, can call.

Bathe yet a his [illegible] have pass'd in their way
Every time, every far generation;
He comes from the age when the earth was at play
In the childhood and bloom of creation.
Four ages of men have decay'd to his eye,
And fresh to the fifth he glides youthfully by.

King Saturn first ruled us, the simple and true—
Each day as each yesterday fair;
No grief and no guile the calm shepherdsmen knew—
Their life was the absence of care;
They loved, and to love was the whole of their task—
Kind earth upon all bestow'd all they could ask.

[illegible]

From the circle came the conquest, and Strength, like a wind,
Swept its way through the meek and the mild.
Still vocal the Muse, and in marble enshrined,
The Gods upon Hellas smiled.
Alas, for the age which fair Phantasie bore!—
It is dust from the earth, to return nevermore.

The gods from their thrones in Olympus were hurl'd,
Low and columns lay rent and forlorn;
And—holy, to heal all the wounds of the world—
The Son of the Virgin was born.
The lures of the senses subdued or suppress'd,
Sate a Man in his THINKER, his arms on his breast.

Ever gone were those charms, the voluptuous and vain,
Which had deck'd the young world with delight;
For the monk had the nun were the penance and pain
And the tilt for the iron-clad knight.
Yet, however that life might be darksome and wild,
Love linger'd with looks still as lovely and mild.

By the shrine of an altar yet chaste and divine,
Stood the Muses in stillness and shade;
And honour'd, and household, and holy that shrine—
In the blush—in the heart of the maid:
And the sweet light of song burn'd the fresher and truer,
In the lay and the love of the wild Troubador.

As ever, so aye, in their beautiful band,
May the Maid and the poet unite;
Their task be to work, and to weave, hand in hand,
The zone of the Fair and the Right!
Love and Song, Song and Love, intertwined evermore,
Weary earth to the suns of its youth can restore.

FROM THE ORION FOR NOVEMBER.

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

BY A LADY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

"My letter, brother—give me my letter," said Agnes, springing from the marble entrance-steps, to meet her brother, Mr. Melvin. "No letter for you to-day, sister," was his reply. "No letter! It is shameful to disappoint me so—it is too bad—I will not bear it, I won't—I will not write to papa and mamma this week," said the ungoverned girl, bursting into tears.

"Agnes," said her brother, "the southern mail did not come in to-day. In consequence of the late heavy rains the roads are flooded, and some of the bridges on the route gone."

"Shame on the roads, old bridges, mail bags, and all! Why do they not have India rubber bags and swim the rivers, and bring my letter!" sobbed Agnes.

Mr. Melvin gave her a look which she well understood, and entering the hall proceeded to the dining-room. Agnes followed, and threw herself, weeping violently, on the sofa, disturbing the conversation of her brother and his wife.

"Come to the table, Agnes," said her brother as dinner appeared.

"I do not wish for dinner. I cannot taste a bit;" and saying this, she cried more vehemently than before.

"Then go to your room: you have no right to disturb your sister and myself."

Agnes obeyed, but closed the door in a very ungentle manner, to say the most gentle thing about her. We leave Agnes to sob herself to sleep, while Mr. Melvin and his lovely wife finish their dinner, and then retire to their sheltered summer-house, built over the very waters of the peaceful Hudson. Here they may read, and discuss some favorite author, while we formally introduce them to the reader.

Mortimer Melvin, the eldest son of a Carolinian planter, was sent at an early age to a northern college. While here, with other learning, he learned to love Caroline Dumont. In this study he rapidly progressed, and was so desirous of making this fascinating text-book his own, that he relinquished a wish, which he had cherished from boyhood, of accomplishing the tour of Europe, and completing his education abroad.

As soon as he had finished his collegiate course with honor, and had received his degree, he invested a portion of his ample wealth in one of the first mercantile houses of New York. On many accounts, Mr. Melvin would have chosen a residence on his plantation at the south, but his "ladye love" preferred a home near her parents, and in the midst of a circle of devoted friends. Mr. Melvin cheerfully consented to reside in the city during the winter, and in the summer to find a retreat on the banks of the Hudson. The first few months of their marriage were passed in New York, where their happiness was complete in the society of each other, and in the enjoyment of a refined and intellectual circle in which Caroline Dumont had shone as a "bright, particular star."

In early spring they removed to their beautiful domicil, on the banks of the Hudson—the blue rolling Hudson; its waters enamelled with emerald isles, and skirted with tasteful cottages, noble villas, and castled palisadoes, rising like baronial palaces—fit habitations for Æolus, the wind-king.

The united taste of Mr. and Mrs. Melvin had been exercised in improving and furnishing their summer home. When completed, it was a lovely spot, all in perfect keeping, from the spacious bow-room and drawing-room, to the richly furnished library and little boudoir. Nothing was there to shock the most fastidious taste. To this sylvan abode Mr. and Mrs. Melvin had removed in May, and the next month, Agnes, the youngest sister of Mr. Melvin, was welcomed to their home.

Many years before this a fearful epidemic had prevailed on the place of the father of Agnes Melvin. Hushed were the sounds of the happy voices which once resounded amid those echoing halls. Within a few short weeks, four beloved ones were consigned to the cold tomb. The silent group recline beneath the sculptured marble, and on its tablet are inscribed the names of Horatio, Louisa, Rosa, and Charles Melvin. In the ancestral burial-place, on the plantation of their sorrowing parents, these babes peacefully rest. As peacefully they slumber as do the tenants within Mount Auburn's precincts. Seldom will the foot of the stranger wander amid those solitudes; no stranger dust will mingle with that of the undivided family. 'Midst these sacred shades murmur the waters of the Santee, and here the bird of night warbles its mournful carols. The damp vapors weave a silvery curtain about the overshadowing foliage, and the funereal moss hangs like a shroud around this sacred grave.

Agnes' parents watched with redoubled anxiety over the health of their sole nursling, and her every wish became their law. This excessive indulgence threatened to prove fatal to the happiness of the family. At last, the determination was made to commit Agnes to the care of her brother Mortimer, for her parents felt that he would better than they govern their wayward and idolized child. They wished that her education should be received at the north, and at the age of twelve, she bade a long adieu to her paternal home. Her father accompanied her to her brother's house, and left her consoled by the promise that she should receive a letter from him or her mother every week, and a visit from them every second summer.

Agnes gave promise of much talent and beauty. Some one says, that all the eyes and hair have been used up by story-writers. Not so, for Agnes had a profusion of chestnut hair, clustering in ringlets, on a neck of brilliant whiteness. Her features were regular as if chiselled by an artist. The shape of her head classical, and her figure symmetrical. But yet beautiful as she was at times it was painful to look at her, for her ungoverned temper wrote with its rapid pencil lines of impatience and passion on her face. And it was a pleasure to turn from her to the less beautiful but dove-like countenance of her friend, Elizabeth Douglass.

The morning of the day on which she was introduced to our readers, Agnes had gone to school, but on some slight pretence had begged her teacher to excuse her to go home.

No thought but that of her letter was in her mind, and at twelve she began to promenade the piazza to watch for her brother, although she knew that two o'clock was the hour of his return home. It was a lovely day in September, but Agnes was too much occupied to enjoy the balmy air and enchanting scenery about her. She idly plucked the vines which with their umbered and crimson autumnal hues formed a rich and variegated curtain hanging in graceful festoons from the balcony. Mrs. Melvin was in the library, her favorite retreat in the absence of her husband, and she did not know of Agnes' return from school. An old servant ventured to beg "Miss Agnes not to pull down the vines, and frighten the pretty birds away." But Agnes replied impatiently, and told him "he need not trouble himself about her." Then followed the scene mentioned, on the non-reception of the letter. We left Agnes in her chamber. While there, she thought of her lessons for school the next day, but she said, "I do not feel like studying them, and I will not, for I can say that I had a headache this afternoon; and indeed her ungoverned feelings and violent crying had given her a headache. She was soon asleep, and did not wake till the servant came to call her to tea. While preparing to go to the drawing-room, she thought of her conduct with shame and regret, for she possessed a quick sensibility which enabled her to see and feel her faults.

After tea Mr. Melvin proposed to his wife a sail on the Hudson, in her Cleopatra barge; the construc- [illegible]

[illegible] heard floating over the waters; the low and rich tones of the voice mingling with the sounds of the guitar and flute. This evening the Cleopatra was unaccompanied, for Mr. Melvin designed to converse with Agnes. The sun, casting his mantle of purple and gold around him, was just sinking to rest, like a monarch reposing in his regal robes; the winds were lulled, and "not a zephyr moved among the foliage, and all was silent, save the silver music warbled by songsters, whose rejoicing notes hail Phœbus and Vesper." Many a white sail rested passively on the blue sleeping waters, whose peace surface was disturbed only by the steamboats which occasionally shot with arrowy speed. Soon the gorgeous mist faded away, and the rising moon shed its magical influence over the scene. The Highlands put on a nobler aspect. The islands which gemmed the surface of the Hudson assumed a deeper and richer hue, and here and there the azure river gleamed in the moonbeams with silvery brightness. "Nature is an Eolian harp—a musical instrument, whose tones again are keys to higher strings in us."

On such a night, a heart not insensible, must re-echo the mild subduing tones of nature's voice. Agnes' spirit "drank in the quiet of the scene," and imbibed from it an elevation and a calm. Her brother noticed the expression of her countenance, and seized the opportunity for conversation with her. He spoke of the tranquil beauty of the evening, as an emblem of a peaceful spirit, a spirit at peace with itself, and with the world.

"My sister, you have distressed me to-day——"

"I know," said the ingenuous Agnes, interrupting him. "I was very wrong, but I was so miserable, so homesick."

"Do not say, so homesick, for our beloved parents decide that this is, for the present, your home; acknowledge that you were unreasonable and insubmissive. You have now every thing to make you happy, and if you cannot endure a slight disappointment, how will you meet life's changes? If any thing should happen to our beloved parents——"

"*I should die*," said Agnes, comprehending his meaning. "I could not, *would not* live a moment, were they to die."

"Alas! my sister, you grieve me; it is sinful for you to say this. Life's great object still remains, even were all the treasures of the heart swept away. The great object of life is education for a more elevated state of being."

Most affectionately and earnestly did he plead with her to endeavor to bring her impetuous spirit in subjection, and to seek aid from the only unerring guide. He appealed to all that was generous and noble in her character; showed her the selfishness of disturbing the peace of others, and the duty of cultivating a trustful, cheerful spirit, which, he told her, was diffusive and would spread happiness around her; while a stormy spirit scattered desolation in its pathway, and blasted the buds of fairest promise. This conversation reached the heart of Agnes, and as she entered her chamber it was with the anxious desire and humble prayer, that she might reward the affectionate solicitude of her brother.

Six years had passed. Agnes had entered her nineteenth year—how changed from Agnes, the wayward child! Her native beauty and the genius which sparkled in her countenance, had received from her richly cultivated mind new lustre, and a subdued and peaceful expression rested on the face, once so expressive of other emotions. For the last six years she had been pursuing a systematic course of study, under the direction of her brother and accomplished teachers. She had studied regularly, and her love for knowledge was enthusiastic. Her brother had exerted over her an influence which a mind and heart like his is wont to exert over a sensitive and affectionate spirit. The example of her almost faultless sister had had its effect too, in improving the character of Agnes. There was yet another, who for years had watched this interesting and gifted girl, and had marked the development of her heart and mind with no common interest. Well, indeed, was he qualified to call forth the better nature of all about him, and eminently fitted to mould the character of one so susceptible as Agnes. Edward Evernett united rare combinations. To a noble person he joined a gifted mind and extensive acquirements. Although an elegant and accomplished scholar, he possessed a humble and pious heart. He won golden opinions from all, but a sense of his own imperfections prevented his resting satisfied with his attainments. Edward Evernett was the classmate and dearest friend of Mortimer Melvin, and as the home of the former was in New York, the intercourse of the friends was uninterrupted. Under the eye of Edward, Agnes had passed from the wayward child to the accomplished woman.

As Agnes' parents did not wish to interrupt the education of their daughter, she had never visited her Southern home since first leaving it; but her parents had spent a portion of every other year at the house of their son Mortimer. This summer they were to spend with Agnes in her own home, and arrangements were all made in reference to her marriage and removal thither, as soon as Edward Evernett should return from Europe. Mr. Evernett had received an appointment as Professor in the College at which he was graduated, and had gone abroad to spend a short time in a German Institution, and with the intention of seeing some of the countries of Southern Europe. He wished that Agnes should accompany him, but he was not willing to take her from school, and deferred the hope of such a companion of his wanderings to some future day. His frequent letters to Agnes glowed with rich and vivid descriptions of the objects of interest which he rapidly passed. Kenilworth, Westminster Abbey, The Emerald Isle, Lake Geneva, Chillon Castle, and numberless other spots, known to both, by the aid of imagination, of which they had together read, were now described by his graphic pen. In his last letter to Agnes, he wrote—"Wherever I am, if in the land of Scotia's bard, or in the Gardens of Fountainbleau, or among the wild cliffs of Terracina, or amidst the magnificent scenery of Switzerland, or in La Bella Italia, my thoughts revert to you. In one place I say, here the enthusiastic nature of my Agnes would kindle with rapture, and here her poetic temperament would delight itself, and here her classic taste would be gratified and feasted. But together, I trust we may visit these spots of interest. I call myself your pioneer, and will search out for you the rare and beautiful. With what delight I anticipate the month of May, when I hope to meet you after an absence of a year and a half!"

May had now come, and Agnes was every day expecting a letter from Mr. Evernett to inform her of his arrival in New York. She knew he must remain, at least one day, in that city to see his parents, and a letter, not himself, was to apprize her of his coming. She was also expecting her parents soon, and her cup of happiness seemed full. What glowing pictures of the future were drawn by the affectionate Agnes! A home where hospitality should reign—surrounded by friends true and devoted—active duties combined with literary leisure—a congenial spirit to cheer and animate her—all these passed before her mind's eye. No wonder that she was happy; for her noble, generous, and disinterested nature, caused her to be beloved by all hearts. She was now as remarkable for self-government, as she had been for self-indulgence. Her exquisite sensibility was so chastened that it interfered with the performance of no duty.

"Brother, you will bring me a letter to-morrow, I think," said Agnes.

"Perhaps so, sister, but if I do not—"

"I will endeavor to bear my disappointment aright. I have often thought with shame and grief of my conduct on one occasion, and of your conversation on that evening. So on that evening I may date my first sincere effort to overcome my sinful impatience; and a peace of mind which the world can neither give or take away is now mine. It was you, dear brother, who directed me to the fountain from which peace and pardon flow."

"For a spirit like yours, dearest Agnes, there is no rest but in hopes placed above the skies."

Then Mr. Melvin referred to the uncertainty of earthly prospects, reminding her that no event came by chance—that all was ordered in reference to Eternity. A long conversation followed, one which was of a nature to elevate the feelings, and lead the spirit from earth to heaven. That day had been one of deep anxiety to Mr. Melvin, for a storm cloud seemed to hang over his beloved and sensitive sister. He had learned that the vessel in which he supposed Edward Evernett had embarked was wrecked. As he had not seen the names of the passengers, he hoped that Mr. Evernett had delayed taking passage in that vessel. Mr. Evernett's last letter had expressed some doubt on the subject, as he was not to leave Europe until he had completed his collection of books, minerals and pictures. Influenced by this hope, Mr. Melvin kept the papers from his sister, but his anxieties led him to the conversation just mentioned. The next morning he went to New York, and sought the earliest papers, and with a rapid eye examined the ship intelligence. Too soon he found the following paragraph:

"Wrecked off coast ———, the ship ———. An attempt was made to pass the rocky point of ——— without a pilot. The sky was suddenly overcast, and [illegible]

ancestors along the lonely road the latter? In which of Owen's many theories have they found a resting place? Old Napoleon keeps his secrets well, and in vain love and friendship inquire concerning their perished ones. The vast of the sullen waves only replies. No one from that shore, "whose bourne no traveler returned to tell us of the world of that night, honor, and insurance, exalted not in that dread hour. Man perished in the pride of his vigor, and woman in her inspiring loveliness. When that bright morning dawned, "brother hailed brother for death—I saw the sweetly decked it for its dark, watery grave!

"The passengers on board did not escape—nor foreigners, and we believe that they should thus perish. But with the disembarkation of the men that our illustrious countryman, the Edward Everett, was on board the fated vessel. Seldom does it fall to our lot, to make so sad a record. In Dr. Everett we remind a pure man, and noble heart, and a mind of the highest order. Every endowed by nature, enthusiastic in his love of knowledge, straining in his efforts to attain perfection, he might have ranked among the athletes of any clime. But he has perished in the midst of his glorious hopes. Many were those who, in the darkness of that night, in his return, and a home of no ordinary happiness would have been his. Many a heart will weep for him!

"And Mother will cease weep for him," said Mr. Mellen, as he folded the sad paper, and prepared to go to his home.—"Alas! my sister, must I go to you as the messenger from the dreary caverns of the deep? May God give strength to the brother and sister," he fal-tered. As he approached his house, his heart sunk in sorrow, for he knew as the sun went down, it came out to meet him. Lelo Jephtha's daughter, she stepped joyfully forth, and greeted her accepted brother she scarcely dared Heaven smiles to bestow upon one that caused Heaven smiles to bestow upon one that caused sorrow to overwhelming doom.

Strong countenance, she seemed to say—

"My sister, brother," He took her hand, led her to her chamber, and gently communicated the mournful story—the sad wreck of her earthly hopes. She listened silently, and although a shuddering chill crept over her, although her cheek paled, yet no tear-one fell from her. A sorrow which is woe to be forgotten, may exhaust itself in violent external manifestations; but Agnes' grief was colder but heavier. She laughed her brother to have her alone. A few of hers came to be relied, and she was enabled to commune herself to Him who alone could administer consolation to her suffering heart.

The next Sabbath Agnes appeared in the parlor in the deepest habiliments of mourning. Her whole dress was in sad contrast with the face of the mourner, pale-like marble, and bearing the impress of subdued suffering. That countenance, one little week ago, was radiant with glowing hopes, and blooming with heavenly beauty.

When her brother and sister entered the room, she was calm and tranquil.

"Sister, you will not go to meet your Sabbath school class; you have not strength."

"Yes, brother, this will to have been my last Sabbath with them," as she said this, an expression of deep anguish passed over her face, for her buried hopes, a thousand memories rushed upon her. "I may be," she added, "But I may do those dear girls good. Oh! how often have I entreated them to store their hearts with happiness where they are free from punishment! It may be, that in the world of eternity, I may find those precious souls to whom I have taught Would not that be a sweet reward for all my efforts?"

Her brother said none, deeply affected by the calm and resisting the self-denial for the present, could not speak, she departed.

Another six years had passed away. Each day had added to the perfecting of the character of Agnes. Active in duty, kind to all, forbearing and disinterested, she seemed to unite all that could adorn and humanity. With a mind richly cultivated and highly cultivated, with a taste exquisite she shrunk from no sacrifice or effort. Religious and suffering, while it exercised, subdued her spirit. Her impressions will and fastidious were brought into subjection. She instructed the ignorant, cheered the comfortless, the sorrowful, and relieved the follies of the weak.

This self-control, this self renunciation had cost her many efforts, many secret tears. The world, a critic ever sitting in judgment, had decided that Agnes's grief had passed away, and that she had soon recovered the wound for the friend of her early days. Silent calculation—Strength is born in the deep silence of long suffering hearts." The most intense feeling often results in the calmest actions. "The deepest depths of Hecla hold a quenchless volcano." How false the judgments of the world! Imperfectly do they estimate the tempest's rage that within the vest. How few the sensitive and wounded heart conceal in its own deep recesses its blighted hopes, its bended joys, its and inexplicable, it finds relief only in submitting it will to its Creator and its God. Often did Agnes retire from life's busy scenes to gather strength for the ordinary duties from the communions of the invisible world. When to human eye or ear was addressed, how did her fond spirit pour forth its plaintive melodies, and how did the school feel her absence, if she—

Our evening, in early spring, she wandered in the educated local place in her native home. The lengthened shades were fading in approach of twilight's hallowed hour. As a dream of infancy she recalled the sweet playmates of her earliest days. A thousand Remembrances, as of a long broken tone of music flitted by. Sportive children, and gleeful voices were there. Then succeeded and dispersed sounds flooded amid the whispering grasses and tones, but pleasant the plaintive gushing song and full of the dead babes recorded in each other's arms, benefited an hour of Charity's sculpture.

Memory and imagination mingled in this room. Aroused from this reverie she found herself unwonted stimulation on the mound beneath which the silent group were sleeping. "How peacefully they rest," she said "no Edward, where, oh! where art thou?" Her voice was lost in sounds vast domain, but no resting spot in love for my mourn, "on the morning side!" No sighs can I keep for thee." Bitterly did she weep at these words. It was a moment of weakness. But the tumultuous sobs gained their empire; and then she wept at her own foolishness. "I cannot yet endure my grave," she said, "perhaps soiled in the heart of a mother." Will not that be sufficient?" Memory had an important to funeral sensations; the beautiful tones, the sweet, whose tones had been so dear, forbade it. Then the parlours grieving sister, whose name is Edward, and the tender mother, who remembered that we are fast, forgive the tear but we cannot express where memory is to be lonely found another!"

A part of every year was spent by Agnes with her parents and brothers at the South, and the remainder with her brother in New York. The parlours grieving sister, whose name is Edward, and the tender mother, who remembered that we are fast, forgive the tear but we cannot express where memory is to be lonely found another!"

In the evening of the sixth anniversary of the death of Edward, Agnes, with her parents, attended the church. She was among a few there with her sorrowful friend, Elizabeth Hartshorne, and her mother, Mrs. W., remembering that the past day had been to Agnes one of peculiar interest, requested her to join them, and smiling, put a letter into the hand of her friend. She looked hastily at the superscription of the letter, and fainted, and then sank.

Agnes, with her usual decision and promptness, replied—

"I cannot or more than worthy of me—shall meet she I sometimes his generous nature and her noble character, and no wonder it is so, for she is worthy to be loved for me, and were my heart my own, it would be given to a friend so highly prized as Eustace. But my heart is not my own, it is buried with the dead, with Edward, and the tender and cords of the ocean have not yet been strong enough to separate. Endless cherishing friend, no end. I am young, he is not there. But I am not free. I have vowed never to wed either! With my vows of that nature, it would be unjust for me to receive the most exalted affection of a heart, unless I could in a manner return the affection bestowed on me. Therefore, I must decline the honor sent me by Eustace. It was well, perhaps, to close with the proffer of friendship.

My love for Edward was undying; and never do I wish to cease to love him, for he is worthy of my love on earth. Yet, dear Elizabeth, who are so happy in the possession of affection, may find there to be happiness for me. But it is not so. There are few men with whom I would exchange situations. There is no one for whom I would rather have been the cherished affianced bride of Edward Eustace, than the wife of any one. I am happy in my friends—most happy in cultivating little Edward, who I trust will ere-able the noble young citizen cause for home. Household cousins of happiness no more. True, there are lower ones than Margery, too long for the poor, long before but the hopes of other days. What happiness would have been mine! and in the friendship of Edward, I read have been lost. What happiness to have been the friend through life, to have enjoyed his every wish, and to have contributed with his spirit, which dared to accept from the purest fountains. But then he would have been raised to imperfection, how he ruling glen with the spirits of their dead. Are they not perfect? And shall I repine, although dark and desolate is our promised home? No, God loves me for my imperfections, and will bless me with a heavenly home. Then I will gathering about its breathless! Yes, I must never gathering about its breathless! Yes, I must never—gathering about its breathless! Yes, I must never—gathering about its breathless! Yes, I must never—

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Notices of New Works.

THE CAREER OF PUFFER HOPKINS—*By Cornelius Mathews, author of the "Motley Book," "Behemoth," "Wakondah."—Illustrated by H. K. Browne, Esq.—New York: D. Appleton & Co.—Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.*—Mr. Mathews has made himself a very earnest advocate of an international copyright law; and in the written or spoken expression of his opinion, he is one of those sincere and straight forward men who never hesitate at an avowal of what they deem the right, let the personal consequences to themselves be what they may. Ardent and fearless, and possessed of moral courage, unusual in these days of expediency, his writings bear the impress of his characteristics. To speak of the personal character of a writer, in noticing his works is not always proper—we had almost said, is always improper—but in this case there is an apology for it. To the pamphlet edition of this work, of which an immense number has been sold, Mr. Mathews has prefixed a preface, in which he alludes to the fact that the novel has been attacked in advance on account of the author's opinions on other subjects. That these attacks were fair or just nobody can pretend—but that their occurrence is a matter of surprise no one can think. After all this preliminary less space is left us in our narrow limits, than we could wish to speak of the book itself. Its scene is New York, its intent to delineate the progress of a modern demagogue and financier; and to expose the petty tricks and arts by which great men and great fortunes have been made or attempted. Through the whole is displayed a daring contempt for all the diplomacy of authorship—the administration of gilded pills, that the fastidious and sensitive public may not revolt at the dose, and kick the doctor. With a keen perception of the grave ridiculous, and the pompously foolish, Mr. Mathews does not shrink from describing things as he sees them. This has sometimes led him into the error of speaking too exclusively to those of his own cast of mind; and sometimes into the fault of letting his book seem one which aspires to be received as from an elevation above the multitude. Mr. Public is too vain an old gentleman not to rebel at *that*, of all sins against his dignity.

The humor of the work is in general quiet and grotesque, with occasional lances into what may be called the active. But the pathetic passages of the book seem to us most effective. They read as if their author felt sensible that his power lay in deep contrasts; as if he liked to produce effect by dashes with a broad brush.

This work, and the Motley Book, give Mr. Mathews, in our poor opinion, a high rank among American authors. Some persons have objected to him as an imitator. This we confess we cannot see—for although he is not so well known as he deserves, he has written almost, or quite as long as the author whom he is sometimes accused of imitating. Others have objected that he is at times obscure: and this to a certain extent may be true, for the reason that we have already stated—that he sometimes falls into the error of writing for a circle of his own. But whatever objections may be made to Puffer Hopkins, it is a fact not to be gainsaid that the work is not only an ornament to American literature of its class, but an earnest that the writer has it in his power, as we know he has it in his inclination, to do his countrymen a great deal of good, if they will let him. This we say, of course, without endorsing all his views and opinions—a thing which we are ready to do for no man.—If this notice is extended to a length unusual in a newspaper, it is because the subject is an *American book*, and we propose in future to make impartial notices of native literature, at such length as to aid in giving American writers their proper weight with their countrymen.

THE LADY'S WORLD OF FASHION, *for December*, has been on our table for several days. The present number far outstrips its predecessors, and is a perfect gem. The embellishments are a splendid mezzotint engraving on steel by J. Sartain, Esq. confessedly at the head of this department of engraving in the United States. The picture illustrates a tale by J. H. Dana, Esq. and represents a lady leaning on a casement, and gazing out on the night; and rarely have we seen a more lovely face than that of the "Lady Clara." This engraving alone is worth half a year's subscription. The other embellishment is a plate of the latest winter fashions, elegantly colored, and contains no less than six costumes. Of all the magazines which publish the fashions, the "Lady's World" is confessedly the most accurate guide, and has become the standard among *artistes* in the eastern cities. Each plate, moreover, is accompanied with full letter-descriptions. The costumes for the present month are pelisses, mantles, cloaks, &c. with bonnets of every variety. No lady who remembers how much becoming dress adds to the grace of the wearer, should be without this standard magazine; and by its aid persons residing at any distance from the city can command the latest styles, and have their dresses made up accordingly, far more speedily than they could be obtained in any other way. And in procuring the latest fashions, care should be taken that the costumes are direct from Paris and London, and not styles which have been in the engravers and printers hands for months before the publication. What are the claims of "The Lady's World" in this respect may be known from the prospectus published in to-day's paper, and from the reputation gained by this favorite magazine of the ladies, during the past year. For 1843 there are to be extensive improvements, both in the pictorial and literary departments. Four splendid engravings are promised for the January number.

But we have been led into a longer notice of this number than we had intended. We can only say that we recognise many popular names among the contributors to the December issue. We have given a specimen of the tales on our last page. The story has an admirable moral, and we commend it especially. This work is published at $2 per annum; and offered to clubs at prices which are unprecedented in the annals of periodical literature. *C. J. Peterson, publisher, 98 Chesnut street.*

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS—*With Explanatory and Glossarial Notes, and a Life of the Author by James Currie, M. D.—New York: Appleton & Co.—Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.*—In typography and general getting up, this volume is like the edition of Cowper of which we spoke a week or two since, its elegance making it an ornament, while its contents render it an essential volume in the library. The cover has for a device the elf pursued Tam O'Shanter, than which a more appropriate ornament could not be imagined.

A completed edition of the Poetry of Burns is valuable as giving a history of the man. He was one of those sensitive and too frequently erring children of genius, whose faults as well as his virtues are shadowed in his writings. The creature of impulse, his pen gave voice to the emotion of the hour; and if he was not always *noble*, he was always *natural*. Some of the sweetest things in the language are his—and coming from the heart of the writer they reach that of the reader. But it is a waste of time to write at this day a critique upon the Poetry of Burns—unless, indeed, one would bring the brilliant talents of a Macauley to the task. Perhaps after all, the best comment upon his writings is to be found in his biography—the essay upon which, by Currie is a leading attraction of this very neat edition.

CAMPBELL'S FOREIGN MONTHLY.—This work for December contains papers from the Quarterly and the Edinburgh Reviews, the Literary Gazette, Athenæum, Asiatic Journal, Examiner, Court Journal, Chambers, The Scotsman, Tait, and other magazines and periodicals. The shorter miscellany is full and well selected, the scientific department is full, and the number is a good one altogether. We notice that the paper on Milton, in the Edinburgh, is attributed to Macauley by Mr. Campbell—a very natural mistake. Mr. Macauley, however, in disclaiming the authorship of the paper on Ignatius Loyola which has been attributed universally to him, said further that nothing from his pen would appear in the reviews for many months.

WILSON'S ANATOMY, BY GODDARD. A SYSTEM OF HUMAN ANATOMY, GENERAL AND SPECIAL, *By Erasmus Wilson, M. D., Lecturer on Anatomy, London. American Edition, Edited by Paul B. Goddard, A. M., M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania, &c. &c. One hundred and seventy illustrations, by Gilbert, from the second London edition, 8 vo. pp. 576.—Philadelphia, 1843.*—It might seem to the unreflecting, that the different organs of the human body being fixed in their position and arrangement; and well described in existing works—no new publication on Anatomy could be called for, but this is an error. Within the present century, the modes of anatomical investigation have been materially modified: new views have arisen; and the grouping together of the various descriptions has experienced a corresponding modification. The plan too of illustration by wood cuts has been introduced, so that the student not only reads the description of an organ, but has it represented graphically before him.

The work before us contains everything to entitle it to adoption by the medical student. The authors plan is excellent; and the execution all that could be desired. It simplifies an important branch of scientific inquiry as far as is practicable; is throughout accurate; and the english edition, which has been remarkably successful, is rendered still more valuable by the additions of the competent anatomist, Dr. Goddard.

We would not disparage the claims of other anatomical works which are before the public; yet we must conscientiously say, that we know of none that is so essential to every anatomical student as the one before us, and we doubt not, that an extensive sale will exhibit that our views are endorsed by the general feeling of the profession.

THE LADIES' COMPANION, *for December—New York: Snowden—Philadelphia: Burgess & Zieber.* Among the contributors to this number we have Willis, Poe, Hamilton, Seba Smith, Tasistro, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Mary Ann Brown, and other well known writers. The embellishments are two steel plates, one a fancy portrait, the other a view of a Gothic Church in New Haven, Conn. The literary character of the number supports an oft repeated assertion, that the literature published for American ladies, like every thing else which America does for and by her women, is superior to that of all the rest of the world.

ROBINSON CRUSOE—*For the Young—With numerous illustrations—Philadelphia: Edward C. Biddle.*—An attractive abridgement of one of the best books ever written—at the head of its class, if it is not, indeed alone and unapproachable. This will make a truly acceptable present for the young folks.

Literary Intelligence.

ANOTHER BOOK.—Lord Morpeth, it is said, is preparing for the press a volume upon this country. He is a liberal nobleman—so much so that even English *Whigs* have denounced him as a radical, and his work is looked for with much interest on the other side of the water; particularly among the reform school of politicians. The Sheffield Iris says:

"The opinions of so distinguished a statesman, so honest a politician, and so good a man with regard to the Americans and their institutions, would be particularly useful at this period. All classes of politicians would look with anxiety, and be prepared to receive with reverence, his lordship's opinion with regard to the working of the ballot and "the man suffrage" in America—points that will inevitably be brought forward and discussed in the next session of parliament."

But whatever may be his lordship's opinions on English questions, he is vehemently English when his own country is attacked, as was shown in his "Fame and Glory," a reply to Lester's "Glory and Shame of England." No American need expect undiluted flattery from Lord Morpeth.

THE LONDON LANCET.—We perceive that Messrs Wilson & Co. of New York, propose to re-publish the London Lancet. In all the re-publication which has been going on in this country for so long, we are surprised that this has not been thought of before. It is a dashing periodical, which every physician in the country will desire to read—and the price will be so small, in comparison with that of the original, that its circulation in this country must be immense, not only among physicians and medical students, but among those whose taste for general information leads them to examine all things.

☞ The Boston papers announce as in press a burlesque on Dicken's book. It is to be entitled "English Notes." We hope it will have more general merit, and better application than some burlesques which have recently been published.

AMHERST COLLEGE.—The Boston Bulletin, states that subscriptions have recently been obtained for this institution to the amount of fifty thousand dollars. Mr. John Tappan, of Boston, gave one thousand, and other benevolent citizens smaller sums.

Political Intelligence.

ABOLITION LEGISLATURE.—The Legislature of Vermont passed unanimously, at its late session, a series of resolutions protesting against the annexation of Texas, or any other territory in which slavery exists, declaring the power of Congress to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, and that in case Congress refuse the seat of Government ought to be removed; affirming that Congress has power to prohibit the slave trade between the States, and ought to exercise it; and that the Constitution ought to be so amended as to prevent the existence or maintenance of slavery in any form or manner, and instructing the Senators and Representatives of Vermont to present the foregoing resolutions to their respective Houses in Congress, and to use their influence to carry out the principles thereof.

RHODE ISLAND CONSTITUTION.—The result of the election in Rhode Island for the Constitution, says the Providence Herald, is very curious; there were 6,535 votes cast for it, and 35 against it; making a total of only 6570 votes in a State that numbers at least 18,000 voters. Two parties did not turn out, the old Charter party, who wanted no change, and the Dorrites who wanted a more liberal Constitution. As it is, the government will go on and organize under this new Constitution, and the possession of the administration under it for the first year will be a matter of great importance. There was a vote of 3793 to admit blacks to vote, and only 1320 against it.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Boston Atlas now makes the number of Representatives elected to the Massachusetts House of Assembly, 140 Whigs to 147 Democrats. An election was held last Monday to fill vacancies; but it is not probable that all were filled. A majority of *all the votes* is required in Massachusetts to elect to any office.

The election on Monday has resulted, so far as we have received returns, in the choice of thirty Whigs and fourteen Democrats. This insures a Whig House.

DISCOVERED.—The question has frequently been asked, "Who first nominated John Tyler?" An answer has at last been given. The nomination first appeared in the Nashville (Tenn.) Daily Chronicle and Commercial Advertiser, in December, 1835. Hugh L. White was placed at the head of the editorial columns as candidate for Presidency, and John Tyler for Vice President.

ANOTHER CANDIDATE.—Col. Benton was formally nominated for the Presidency, at a large convention,

Salmagundi.

CLEVER WIT.—The lunatics in the Vermont Insane Asylum, who have commenced the publication of a paper, have nominated a ticket for the Presidency and Vice Presidency, reserving to themselves the privilege of substituting another candidate for either office, should they hereafter discover a more crazy politician. They have selected one from each of the great political parties of the day, "*believing that if we can unite the crazy ones of both parties, we shall most certainly elect our candidates.*"

☞ The English papers all speak of a man who was magnetized, and then had his leg amputated, without experiencing the slightest feeling of pain. Can't some of the believers in this country sacrifice a limb for the science? One leg, in such a cause, would go further than any two possessed by any magnetizer living.

☞ A portion of the New York populace, determined to maintain their right to the title of fools, besieged the persons who were about to remove the body of Colt from St. Marks Cemetery, to carry it to New Haven. They believe that the poor wretch's suicide was an imposition! and that the coffin was empty.

☞ The noodles among the English residents in Paris have been set gaping with astonishment. A young French lady, of good family and character, has announced that she will give herself, with three million francs property and one million in cash, to any English nobleman who will marry her.

☞ In the Court of Common Pleas, sitting at Chambersburg on Tuesday week, a young lady obtained a verdict of $1500 damages, in a suit brought against her lover for a breach of promise of marriage. The young lady in such a case dearly earns her money.

☞ The Louisville Journal notes that upwards of 500 sheep are killed in that county annually by dogs. One redoubtable animal killed last spring 150 sheep unassisted. They must love dogs better than mutton, near Louisville.

☞ A correspondent of the Baltimore Sun says that the workmen are now employed *erecting an enclosure* about the General Post Office. When that is completed, we hope they will build some new house lots.

☞ A duel was lately fought in Nova Scotia, in which pistols were loaded with liver instead of lead. These practical jokes on duellists are the very best arguments to employ against the practice of duelling.

☞ It is estimated in the Boston Mercantile Journal that twelve thousand turkeys were wasted and eaten in that city on Thanksgiving day. The number of tons of squash pie is not computed.

☞ Munroe Edwards cheated all of his counsel out of their fees, by various devices. The gentlemen are said to make themselves quite merry at the fact that the rogue thus paid them "in trade."

THE LADY'S WORLD OF FASHION AND LITERATURE,

The Cheapest and Most Elegant MAGAZINE IN THE UNION.

☞ *Twenty Copies for Twenty Dollars.* ☜

This elegant and popular *Lady's Magazine* will commence a new volume in a style of rare magnificence with the January issue, a number containing

FOUR SPLENDID ENGRAVINGS

of the most costly and *expensive character*. The publisher has experienced, during the past year, the most unqualified success, and enters upon the New Year with a determination to

OUTSTRIP ALL COTEMPORARIES.

The embellishments of the new volume are of the most splendid and costly character, combining every variety of style, and executed by the first artists the country can produce. The work has been

THE LADIES' FAVORITE,

and this reputation it will continue to maintain. Hence, the character of its literature will continue to be such as to commend it especially to the sex. It will contain articles from the most popular and pleasing writers of the day, on every variety of subject, but the work will be in the main devoted to the cultivation of the home virtues. Hence, most of the stories will be of a practical, domestic character, from the pens of our best female writers. The literary matter will not be the reflex of any *one female mind*, but will contain the choicest productions of

A GALAXY OF FEMALE WRITERS.

The effort shall still be to render the work an indispensable requisite to the *boudoir* of every lady of taste in the land; and, therefore, not its literary matter alone shall be compiled for their taste, but it will contain

MONTHLY FASHIONS, ELEGANTLY COLORED,

which for excellence of drawing, correctness in every particular, and extreme beauty of the coloring and engraving shall far excel any thing from other quarters. The fact that during the last year the "Lady's World" has been the "guide book" in matters of taste on costume in every city of the Union, has given it a position in the fashionable world, which cannot be shaken. The unwavering fidelity of its *designs* to the Parisian and London styles, *in advance, too, at least six weeks of all others*, has placed it in the very first rank, as a *work of authority in matters of dress*. It is a well known fact, that the styles of the "Lady's World" appear in the other periodicals, pretending to give the fashions, often four months later, when the styles have become common or obsolete.

LACE AND NEEDLE WORK.

The most elegant and the newest designs of lace-work, embroidery, &c., shall be given in the work, with the latest style of caps, curtains, head-dresses, &c., rendering the "Lady's World" a sample of usefulness as well as of taste, on the

CENTRE TABLE OF EVERY LADY.

Of the various styles of engravings which will grace the pages of this work, we must mention as among the most elegant,

SARTAIN'S UNRIVALLED MEZZOTINTS,

which will grace the coming volume, and excel, in the beauty of design and delicacy of finish, any thing that has heretofore appeared from his burin. Mr. Sartain is known from one end of the Union to the other, as the *master* in this country of this celebrated style. We have already under way

FIVE OR SIX MAGNIFICENT PLATES

of this celebrated artist for the new volume, and shall follow them up with Mezzotints from every artist of repute in the country. The most finished and beautiful

LINE AND STIPPLE ENGRAVINGS

will also grace the pages of the work, from the hands of the very best artists the country can produce. In fine, every variety and novelty of embellishments that may be found elsewhere, may be confidently looked for in the "Lady's World." But the main design of the work is, to furnish, in elegant and attractive style, the earliest, most correct, and fullest report in advance of all the other Magazines, and prior to the issuing of them here, of the Monthly Fashions

DIRECT FROM PARIS AND LONDON.

This department will be under the control of French and English *artists* of the highest celebrity, so that every costume which appears in the "Lady's World" may be safely relied on as not having been *trumped up* at second hand in this country, after they have been received. It is proposed not only to surpass in the excellence, but to issue every month, a

NUMBER AND VARIETY OF COSTUMES,

which shall put to the blush all other attempts at reporting for the fashionable world.

TIME OF PUBLICATION.

The "LADY'S WORLD" will be issued from the 15th to the 20th of the month preceding the month for which it will be published, or dated, or about the time the steamships, which sail from Europe on the first of the month, usually arrive. Thus the work will be in the hands of every subscriber with the most correct fashions, before they can be got out here, and anticipating all other Magazines at least six weeks.

THE CASH SYSTEM.

The publisher, adhering strictly to the cash system in all his dealings, is enabled to offer the work to the American public unprecedentedly low—no work of the quality ever having been sent out at any less than double the price.

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3 Copies,	5 00 "	20 "	20 00 "

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Editors who will copy this Prospectus and send us a marked paper, directed to "The United States Saturday Post," shall be entered on the exchange list, and be regularly served with the work for one year.

ADDRESS, ***C. J. PETERSON, No. 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.***

LEATHER STORE, No. 67 CHESNUT St.—The subscribers have constantly on hand a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHER, suitable for Boot and Shoe Makers, Coach and Harness Makers, Saddlers, Book Binders, Hatters, &c.

ALSO—Sole Leather, red and oak tanned.

nov 12 1y CHAMBERS & HENDRY.

TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS AND OTHERS.—M. BLYNN invites the attention of purchasers to his fashionable Hat and Cap store, No. 332 MARKET street, (below 10th, South side,) Philadelphia.

Gems from the Poets.

A FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Farewell, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles!
Farewell, ye honored days of splendid misery!
Farewell the plumed train, and pompous state!
Farewell the glittering court, where hope and fear
Watch every look that hides the rising storm,
Or clouds or sunshine, as the minion smiles!
Farewell the tuneful voice, the laboring breast,
And all the nameless wounds that rack the soul!
Mason, bid farewell to pompous verse!
And Hassel called to poignancies of love!
Inspired, not possessed, sang he!
Fresh, fragrant flowers, that spring, blood, and bleed,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Look his rays against the rising hill;
I would be high, but ever, the greatest oak
Most subject is the loudest thunder-stroke;
I would be rich, but see men toil around
Day in the bowels of the richest mine;
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox conceited when the ass gets free;
I would be fair, but know that colors cheat,
Like the bright snail, still seeking in a shell;
I would be poor, but know the humbler grass
Still escapeth we by each unworthy way;
Rich, hated; wise, suspected; learned, full proof;
Great, factious; fair, painted; high, and scorned.
I have wished all; but now I wish for neither,
Court, City, Learning, Love, nor proof for either.

"Would the world now adopt me for her heir
Would beauty's queen entitle me to her,
I crave nought, nor promise to bestow,
But sighs,"—with India's wealth to make me rich!
Or would she deck me in the robes of power,
Affection only should my gift endow;
Greatness, and goodness, are not means for happiness;
Poor I will be rather, and right happy so.
To the loose element of every passion,
Could I to-morrow from my mass that trove,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives,
Yet I more freely would those gifts resign
Than ever fortune would have power to throw
And lock one minute of this lady's honor
Beyond the fellies of that rising sun.

"Welcome, now thoughts! welcome, ye silent groves!
These only shall your discontents see,
These only hear and know my many griefs!
And you, ye hanging mountains, whose steep tops
Touch heaven, and whose hollow womb contains
Retired spirits, that live in unseen shapes,
To the brave element of every passion,
Could I to-morrow from my mass that trove,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives,
Yet I more freely would those gifts resign
Than ever fortune would have power to throw
And lock one minute of this lady's honor
Beyond the fellies of that rising sun.

"Welcome, now thoughts! welcome, ye silent groves!
These only shall your discontents see,
These only hear and know my many griefs!
And you, ye hanging mountains, whose steep tops
Touch heaven, and whose hollow womb contains
Retired spirits, that live in unseen shapes,
To you my cries shall accent, and every echo
Sport with my sighs, till such time as they
Learn to talk exactly of my misery,
And learn to author it with elegies."
And if entertainment be a stranger then
I'll never look for it, but in Heaven again.

"As sweet is a piece of rose, taken sun-shining,
The worm, new-engender'd, are a putrescence, and lose
All the delightful savor:
So sweet our appearance was to the eyes of the stars of the state, when he shone between the Lyon and the Crab, governed the Sea, &c.
"Take now the proper gems, the sun all the year doth use himself to wear, as lady keeper, &c.—Jonson Barter!

Popular Lectures.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS PAPER.)

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"Ring the bell—down on the curtain—and let the drama begin.

LECTURE VIII.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

Return to Paris—Parties in the Convention—Hebertists—Dantonists—Robespierre and Imaginary Conspiracies. Speech and Apostrophe—Denunciation of the Atheist Party and Execution of Hebert. Clamorite and Indirect Denunciations—Law of the Suspected—Law of Terror Confirmed. Eloquent writings of Camille Desmoulins against the Law of the Suspected—Craft of Robespierre—Imprisonment of the Dantons, Fayllelaucius, Trial and Execution of Danton. Camille Desmoulins, &c.—Abolished Philosophy and Goddess Reason—Anti-Christian.

We now return once more to Paris,—and the first place we examine is the Convention. Now that the Girondin leaders were sacrificed—the Girondin faction, which was truly republican and longed to be moderate, had been destroyed—for which power was left with the Jacobins, the "Mountain," supported by the Jacobin Club, the Commune, and a paid populace as fairly seen per day each man—which, at the pleasure of the Jacobin Club, what was called the "sacred right of insurrection"—that is, of massacring those who differed from them. What was the state of parties in the Convention? Did the members of the Mountain all agree? No.

In the first place, there were the Hebertists, vile and atrocious. Atheists foul of murder.

In the second, there were the Dantonists, who were deemed moderate, republicans in truth, and real to the bloody proscriptions. Philosophers!

In the third, was the party of Robespierre, in which that plausible, philosophic and hypocritical leader, was supported by the equally plausible but blood-loving Couthon and St. Just. Robespierre, the head unanimously preached up inflexible justice, virtue, philosophy, and a stern course, avoiding the excesses of the Hebertists on the one hand, and deprecating the Dantonists moderation on the other. He, in short, acted the part of the Incorruptible, and was the favorite of Paris, but this he thought he could not effect unless the two other parties were destroyed, as the Jews and Coutlers formed a kind of "conservative," supported by the Jacobin Club and Company, and experimenting through the cellulose.

His first blow was levelled at the Hebertists and Atheists. In fact, with all his faults, he deemed that men could not be governed without a belief in a Supreme Being, and he therefore made an eloquent and most philosophically hypocritical speech in the Convention, denouncing the worship of Reason as a new fanaticism supplying the place of old superstitions, and he laid into its intolerant Gallic—for his own part pleased, and that "as a last effort of mind, it behooved man to believe in the Eternal Soul, Duties, and Heaven, the one for moderation and Gentleness—the other for observance of Justice and Virtue." He supported the freedom of all religions. In reality, Robespierre resolved to destroy both Hebertists and Dantonists, and true enough, as we shall see, he succeeded in destroying them. A few leaders of infidel, and of both the Dantonists parties, were soon guillotined out of the way. Benefit to Robespierre, and raised his Incorruptible Party; yet supported by Danton and the Moderates, it once upon the fall of Hebert. Unanimity of the Convention, and the total destruction of the Rioting and Atheist Faction. Content was evident in the Convention, in Jacobin Convention through the paper the "Father Duchesne," in which Hebert, the notorious, his meaning was handed through Commune out of the War Department and from Revolution, his vile and violent Journal, for which paper accused of being excited by William Pitt to commit such wicked excesses as should bring the revolution into disrepute. Hebert was also charged to be a fluttering Jacque Adee as a chairman—Hebert and his associates, with both a Foreign leader, and paid out of Monies, bartered for Pitt's gold. Hebert, the Apostate Priest Gobel—now accused—all ignominiously conducted to the axis of the Executioner. Their trials were short, and their deaths speedy. Those who were accused of being excited by William Pitt to commit such wicked excesses as should bring the revolution into disrepute, were executed in a few days. It was a fluttering Jacque Adee as a chairman—Hebert and his associates, with both a Foreign leader, and paid out of Monies, bartered for Pitt's gold. Hebert, the Apostate Priest Gobel—now accused—all ignominiously conducted to the axis of the Executioner. Their trials were short, and their deaths speedy. Those who were accused of being excited by William Pitt to commit such wicked excesses as should bring the revolution into disrepute, were executed in a few days.

Meanwhile, at the instigation of Robespierre, and the Jacobin Club, a decree was passed 8th Ventose, 26th February, 1794—the 26th of the 2nd Year of the Republic—the Revolutionary Tribunal sent from Paris, and Robespierre was called the Virtuous—the Incorruptible!

It appears that Fouquier had published a pamphlet in favor of republicanism, which produced great sensation against the Jacobins; and a new journal edited by Camille Desmoulins, the witty, elegant and famous friend of Danton, printed a still greater. This celebrated journal was called "*Le Vieux Cordelier*"—the old Cordelier!

Think of the kindness—law of the suspects," now in full action, by which the Robespierrians had power to imprison, bring to trial the Revolutionary Tribunal, and of course guillotine, all whom they chose to suspect, or, of being opposed to their views. Also—for this was the law—all husbands, wives, fathers, daughters, mothers, sisters and sons of emigrants, who had not constantly manifested an attachment of the Revolution." A more tyrannous law never existed. Under such provisions—suspicion—and of course—and day—had the people might have been victims of the guillotine, had the Reign of Terror lasted long enough.

Camille Desmoulins drew a fearful picture of the state of Paris, and the prevailing tyranny, under the name of La Petite Nanette and Bonne Grand Mere, in the shape from Tacitus. This he wrote in the "*Vieux Cordelier.*" "At that period, sentence and even thoughts were punished with death; against the law of nature, it was necessary to change simple emotions to crime—sorrow, compassion, sighs, even silence. It was a crime of desperation, or counter-revolution, to be found in tears at the bier of a friend, or to be seen in mourning for having called Brutus and Cassius the last of the Romans. A crime of counter-revolution in a deserted house to complain of the loss of a friend. A crime of treason to mourn for having sent the mournful fate of her son. It was necessary to display joy at the death of one's friend, or to appear as if one would not expose one's self to perish. Under Nero, several persons whose suspicions he had put to death, and returned thanks to the Gods. At last it was necessary to assume the air of counsellors; for people feared lest their fear were already under them supernatural guilt.

Had Robespierre gone so far as to wish to steal the throne and could foment civil war. *Suspected.*

Did he, on the contrary, avoid popularity, and assume at home to be his friends? This retired life had rendered him reprehensible. *Suspected.*

Were you rich? There was imminent peril lest the people should be corrupted by your bounty. *Suspected.*

Were you poor? You must be watched the closer, for no one is to enjoying as he who hath nothing. *Suspected.*

Were you of a phlegm, unfeelingly character, and of a sanguine temper? You were affected because public affairs prospered. *Suspected.*

Did a citizen show airs of discontent? It was because the Republic was not to his taste.

Was he virtuous—austere in his manners? He cast a censure on the Court. *Suspected.*

Was he a philosopher, an orator, a poet? He acquired more renown than the Convention. *Suspected.*

In fine—had he acquired renown in war? He must have been dangerous to his habits. It was necessary to distrust such a general, or remove him promptly from the army. *Suspected.*

The natural class of a celebrated man had become so rare, that illustrious transmitted it as an event for the memory of ages. The deeds of an individual were only crimes, except when they were the deeds of the multitude. Every day the tribunals of Jacobins and Sans-culottes, sentenced to death the murderers and assassins. Every day the tribunal of the Revolution condemned to the scaffold the conspirators and the counter-revolutionists. Every day the Jacobins, the "Mountain," supported by the Jacobin Club, the Communes